White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE OLD MILL.

Don't you remember, Lily, Dear,
The mill by the old hill side,
Where we used to go, in the Summer time,
And watch the foamy tide;
And toss the leaves of the fragrant beech,
On its breast so smooth and bright,
Where they floated away, like emeralds,
In a flood of golden light?
Lily, Dear.

And the miller, love, with slouchy cap,
And eyes of mildest grey,
Plodding about his dusty work,
Singing the live-long day?
And the coat that hung on the rusty nail,
With many a motley patch;
And the rude old door, with its broken sill,
And the string, and the wooden latch?
Lily, Dear.

And the water-wheel, with its giant arms,
Dashing the bended spray;
And the weeds it pulled from the sand below,
And tossed, in scorn, away?
And the sleepers, Lily, with moss o'ergrown,
Like sentinels stood in pride,
Resisting the waves, where the chinks of time
Were made in the old mill's side?
Lily, Dear.

Lily, the mill is torn away,
And a factory, dark and high,
Looms like a tower, and puffs its smoke
Over the clear, blue sky;
And the stream is turned away above,
And the bed of the river bare;
And the beech is withered, bough and trunk,
And stands like a spectre there—
Lily, Dear.

And the miller, Lily, is dead and gone:
He sleeps in the vale below;
I saw his stone, in Winter time,
Under a drift of snow.
But now the willow is green again,
And the wind is soft and still;
I send you a sprig, to remind you, love,
Of him, and the dear old mill—
Lily, Dear!

Select Tale.

EAGLE-EYE;
—OR,—
THE DOUBLE SHOT.

A TALE OF WYOMING.

BY E. A. W. HOPKINS.

The beautiful Vale of Wyoming, Pennsylvania, became the scene of a dreadful tragedy.

Through this valley the Susquehanna flows, on the banks of which the inhabitants of Connecticut had planted a colony, many years before the Revolution. It became the most populous and flourishing settlement in America, and nowhere perhaps on the face of the globe existed a community of like numbers, where so much happiness, based upon public and private virtue, prevailed, as in the Valley of Wyoming. Industry and frugality were the great temporal characteristics of the people, and, at the same time, stern patriotism found a luxuriant nursery there. When the war of Independence broke out, Wyoming sent forth its youth, and during the struggle it gave a thousand soldiers to battle for liberty; and yet, in the midst of that peaceful community, party spirit raised its unseemly head; and soon the animosities of Whigs and Tories became as strong there as elsewhere, separating and severing the dearest ties.

The republicans having a majority, used means to restrain the action of the tories, and even expelled several of them from the colony. This highly exasperated them; they swore revenge—they coalesced with their savage neighbors; and during the summer of this year, while nearly all the youths of the settlement were with the army, they resolved to wreak vengeance. Both tories and Indians lulled the inhabitants into security by protestations of friendship, and caused them to be less on their guard. History of '76.

In the sweet vale of Wyoming, George and Mary Ryerson, had found a pleasant resting place, far away from the cares and turmoils of city life. Their wealth consisted of a convenient farm-house, with a broad belt of rich, cultivated land, lying along the banks of the gentle Susquehanna, and a tract of woodland on the mountain side; of sheep, cattle, horses, poultry, all manner of implements of husbandry; everything which ministers to the real necessities and happiness of man. There they lived and loved, acknowledging no sovereign save the Lord of Heaven and earth, no aristocracy save that of superior intelligence. During the summer months he arose early, and busied himself with the superintendence of his farm; she attended to the management of the household, and found leisure to look after the welfare of the flowers, to plant vines and train them gracefully about the cottage windows, to sit in their cool shadows, and sing songs of love and peace.

George Ryerson was tall, handsomely framed, with a high, white forehead, dark, hazel eye, and a healthsome glow upon his cheek; Mary was somewhat slightly made, with blue eyes, golden curls, a rose-tinted cheek, and a sweet smile playing forever about her lips. They were as beautiful and pure hearted as any pair who had joined hands for a life walk, since our first parents trod the Eden paths together. They had been five years married, and as yet no undercurrent of grief or bitterness had welled up to disturb the bright surface waves of a serene existence.

It was winter. The Valley of Wyoming slept under its hoary mantle; surrounded by sloping hills, whose naked tree tops sparkled in the sunbeams, as if crowned with millions on millions of diamonds; the rocks, the bushes, the rivulets; everything high and low glowed and sparkled, dazzling the sight, while along that broad, ice bound river, the smoke of countless homes curled upward, in circling eddies, giving a wild picturesque character to the scene.

The large hickory fires at George Ryerson's were sending up volumes of flame and smoke, the breakfast was over, the morning orisons of a holy faith had gone up from that broad, brown hearth stone, to the gates of heaven; Mrs. Ryerson tripped lightly over the bright sanded floors, giving directions to the hale, happy servant, Margaret, whom she assisted with her own fair hands, as she discoursed of this, that and the other thing, known only in the vocabulary of household duties.

In the stable, the well kept ponies had nothing to do, except to give their owners an occasional sleigh ride, and grow fat, under the warm shed; the silence of the out-door family was disturbed by the low bleating of a few new born lambs, and the answers of the watchful ewe mothers.

"It is a fine morning for out door recreation, and I am inclined to climb the mountain side, and have a chance at some silly deer," said Mr. Ryerson, shouldering his rifle. "The snow is of a favorable depth for tracking them, and they are said to be fat and fine now," and kissing his wife and a sweet babe, the length of whose life might yet be counted in weeks, he sailed gaily forth.

The icicles crackled under his feet, the wind painted a deeper red upon his cheek; everything around was inspiring and cheerful; he hurried on, crossing the Susquehanna on the ice, and climbing up the mountain. Ever and anon his feet slipped, and caught hold of some little jewelled bush for temporary support, then passed onward and upward. He reached a level path, winding circularly around the hill, as if art herself had contrived it for a hunter's resting place, ere he scaled the heights beyond. Here he discovered recently made deer tracks in the snow; and so he loaded his rifle, then he leaned against the trunk of an oak. Presently he heard the sound of cantering feet, there fell a shower of icicles into the path, and in another instant right before him stood a noble buck.

His deership seemed a little short of breath, and turned his tall antlers round as if to see if there he might rest with safety, ere another race He shook his head, snuffed the air and listened —listened.

Now is my time, thought Ryerson, as his broad forehead turned that way; and quick as thought the rifle load went whizzing through the air, piercing his very brain. With a loud snort of distress he bounded forward a few feet and fell. But, oh horror! at the very moment his own powder kindled, he felt in his shoulder a sting like an adder; dizziness came over his sight, he reeled and fell back against the tree.

A dark face bent sorrowfully over him; a dark hand extricated the bullet, and a low musical voice said:

"Me sorry; me no mean to hurt you."

"Is it you, Eagle-Eye?" he said, restored to consciousness by the pain caused by extracting the bullet.

"It is me," he replied; "me take you home."

They had met before, and respected each other, as noble men of different races.

Eagle-Eye had chased the deer until he slackened his pace, then came up, and fired simultaneously with Mr. Ryerson on the other side. The Indian's ball struck one of the horns of the buck, glanced and penetrated the white man's shoulder, but not deeply. While he lay fainting, Eagle-Eye removed his clothing, and cut it out with his knife; that done, he whistled, and a squaw appeared.

He gave the arms to Blue-Bird, his wife, bade her watch the now lifeless buck; then lifting Mr. Ryerson upon his shoulder, commenced cautiously to descend the mountain side.

A strong man was Eagle Eye, full six feet high, with the broad chest and well knit shoulders of a giant. His head was finely developed, his eye no disgrace to his name, and the coarse black hair lay stiffly over a brow which might have graced a throne. There was a pensive cast about the finely chisseled mouth and chin, and what are generally called "the Indian's high cheek bones," were less prominent than those of his race. On his head, instead of the tall tuft of feathers which disfigured so many of his tribe, he wore a turban of red silk, his dress was blue trowsers, and a jacket made of wolf-skins. Eagle-Eye was a chief of his tribe.

"Why, George, my husband; what means this quick and sad return?"

The Indian put his hand to his lips in token of silence; she led the way to the bedroom where he laid down his burden, proceeding to undress him. The wound had bled freely, the blood was clotted over it now. Eagle-Eye would not allow her to remove the blood, but bound a napkin over it as it was.

"The physician?" she said.

"Me cure him," he replied.

"Oh, yes, you know you can; I will trust you," she continued.

The wound was not dangerous, the force of the ball having been broken by glancing against the horn of the buck, and in a few days, under the kind care of Eagle Eye, he was quite well again.

Mrs. Ryerson sent some presents to Blue-Bird; and sometimes she herself came down from the mountain, to visit the "pretty white squaw," and "little papoose." Mary, in turn, thought her pretty and interesting, with her clear olive complexion, low, pure brow, melancholy eyes and jet black hair. So a friendship grew out of what seemed at first an unhappy accident, the two families becoming more firmly attached to each other as weeks rolled on, through the influence of reciprocal kindness. The first venison steak, the result of that "double shot," was cooked, and eaten by the two families in token of amity and future good will, at the house of Mr. Ryerson; one horn of the animal was hung up in the cottage, one in the wigwam on the mountain, as a memorial of the strange event.

Often the newly made friends hunted the deer together, and as winter melted into spring, and spring blossomed into summer, their hearts knew no change of seasons—they remained brothers in words and deeds.

It was the morning of July 3d, 1778. The weather was extremely sultry, and to enjoy the cool of the day, the family at the farm had risen early.

After partaking of a pleasant breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson hung listlessly over the table, discoursing of the past and future, the thriving condition of their settlement, and the whole beautiful valley of the Susquehanna.

"It is such a comfort, George," said the young wife, "to know that the late unhappy differences between the whigs and tories have all melted into moonshine; and not only our tory neighbors, but the savages themselves seem now to be vieing with each other in manifestations of kindness and good will towards us."

"We have certainly much cause for gratification to our Father in Heaven, dear Mary, for all this seeming good faith; may he in his mercy grant that it is not the calm that ushers in the tempest!"

Just then the red turban of Eagle-Eye passed before the window, and in another instant he opened the door without knocking, and stepped into the centre of the room. In place of the wolf-skin vest, in which we first introduced him to the reader, he wore a white cotton shirt, with a broad collar, open at the throat, and turned down, displaying a fine muscular neck, and a part of his broad, tawny chest. He carried his rifle, and his powder horn suspended by a strap over his shoulder. George read a new expression in his countenance; and Mary almost feared to look upon him, he was so stern, calm, yet sorrowful.

"Sit down, my brother," said George.

"Will you eat?" said Mary.

"Me want nothing—me not hungry. Come with me," he said, looking at George. "Take the gun, the wild-cat is on the mountain; come and shoot him."

"Oh, only a wild cat," said Mary, laughing; "well, I declare, Eagle-Eye, your grave looks frightened me terribly; please bring him down after you take him, but a look will do for me—no steaks this time, after a "double shot." She alluded to their first meeting in the woods.

No smile lightened up the face of the Indian; George waxed a shade paler as he picked up his hat and gun, and followed him he knew not whither; and Mary grew sad and silent as they walked slowly along the river's side.

Noon came; the hottest, most suffocating noon ever known in the valley of the Susquehanna. Not a leaf stirred upon the trees, not a zephyr lifted a blade of grass, but the sun poured down scorchingly, vegetation withered, and every living thing sought shelter from his burning rays under some friendly roof or shade tree; the very stones were like heated irons, and the river glowed and sparkled like liquid fire.

George Ryerson had not returned, and Mary looked out from the window hour after hour with a strange foreboding of evil. Mary prepared dinner, but she merely tasted it, then reseated herself at the window with tearful eyes. Baby laid its velvet cheek against hers, and looked into her face; its little lip quivered, and then it sobbed aloud. With her eye fixed upon the road, she sang it a gentle lullaby, and it then fell asleep.

Hark! what sound is that—that long, loud, terrific yell? What mean those guns? That tramping, shouting, crying—that despairing wail.—He who is absent flies to his home; the boys come down from the cherry trees; the girls rush in from the garden, shrieking, clinging to their mothers' skirts; the dogs set up a howl of terror; the cattle snuff the wind, and run bellowing hither and thither.

"The English! the tories! the savages are upon us!" was shouted from house to house, from field to field; it echoed wildly along the banks of the river, and reverberated from hill to hill. The strong men girded on their armor, and went forth to meet the heterogeneous mass of murderers; the aged and the sick, timid womanhood and helpless childhood remained to weep and pray.

On they came like a legion of fiends, shouting, cursing, killing; the red coats of the English mingling with the naked shoulders of the half-clad savages; their tall military caps contrasted strangely with their shaven heads and horrid scalping-tufts.

"To the fort! to the fort!" shouted a neighbor, bursting open the door, and instantaneously disappearing.

"To the fort!" shouted the frightened servant shaking her mistress violently to arouse her from the stupor into which she had fallen.

"To the fort! what, Margaret, has he come? is my husband here?"

"No, no—but the English—the tories—the Indians are upon us! Haste! fly! for God's sake keep your senses!"

Margaret tied on her bonnet, hastily made up a small bundle of necessary clothing for mother and babe, which she put into her hands, then herself taking the child on one arm, dragged her out, and along in the direction of Fort Kingston.

Poor bewildered Mary! she awoke to the consciousness of her danger, when she found herself flying over the dusty road, with scores of helpless women and children, wagons rolling past at full speed, mounted horses leaping like reindeer, with pale and hatless riders, all rushing wildly on, while ever and anon came the din of the war-whoop, and the shrieks of the sufferer, overtook by the blood hounds in the rear. Mothers and children fainted and fell, old men sat down unable to go another step, and those whom God granted strength to proceed, arrived at the fort over-heated, utterly exhausted. One after another tottered in, images of grief and despair.

Inside were a few mattresses, a scanty supply of provisions, a few cooking utensils; and there with melancholy thankfulness, they ate the evening meal with sickening foreboding of to-morrow. Scores arrived during the night; coming from the mountains and all along the river, until all the houses and barracks were full; some lay down to rest, others sat up, watching the fitful slumberers, as ever and anon they started in their dreams and murmured prayers to Heaven against the cruelty of man. Among the watchers was Mary Ryerson, sitting beside her babe and Margaret all night long, with folded hands and tearless eyes, and when the stereotyped question of the sentinel, "who's there?" was asked at the break of day, she heard it, still hoping in the olden answer, "a friend," to detect the voice of her husband.

All night Col. Zebulon Butler and his men sat up making strong their defence, running bullets, doing everything which human foresight could, for safety.

Weak and worn they were, but resolved to sell their lives dearly; and they waited for the coming conflict with unflinching nerves.

The sun had risen high above the fort, and stood out in the cloudless atmosphere like a red ball of fire; not a leaf fluttered, not a zephyr rippled the surface of the clear, calm Susquehanna; the dried grass crooked under the feet of the kine; the dogs dug holes in the earth and lay half buried there. Nature herself seemed awed by some dark fore-shadowing, and held her hot deep breath in fearful anticipation.

"An officer and guard," said the men in the lookout; "John Butler," they continued as they drew nearer, and new hopes sprang up in many a despairing heart; so slowly and silently they came; surely their visit would be a peaceful one.

Halting, they sent a messenger to say that if Col. Zebulon Butler would come out to meet his cousin, he would propose terms of capitulation. Unsuspicious, not thinking in his own honest heart that one of his own kinsman could be a very fiend, he, accompanied by four hundred men, went out to meet him.

In the meantime, John Butler and his party had moved back towards a thicket, and Zebulon and his men followed.

"They will halt just within the wood," he said, "the extreme heat of the day causes them to seek the shade; let us venture yet farther my friends," and they pressed on, till startled by a wild demoniac yell; an ambush was upon them. Bewildered, overpowered, were shot, stabbed, scalped; a few only escaped by swimming the river; none remained to tell the tale at the fort.

"They are long gone," said the lookout:—"long gone," said Col. Denison, who was left as commander; "long gone," was passed from lip to lip, with fears for their safety.

The soldiers gazed upon their families with deep yearning tenderness; and mothers upon their blooming daughters, with the fear which only mothers can realize; for John Butler and his tory band were known to be more brutal than savages.

"They come," said the lookout; "our friends are safe," responded all below.

"Not Zebulon, but John Butler; not our *friends*, but the tories," and then went up a wail of grief and despair, and a low undertone of supplication to Heaven.

Col. Denison realizing the weakness of the force within, thought it but prudent to send out a flag of truce, inquired upon what terms they might capitulate.

"The natchet," replied John Butler.

"God's will be done; can't we at least die bravely," he said mournfully.

"Kill them to the last man; kill! kill!" shouted the demon Colonel, throwing reeking scalps over the walls of the fort, and with a thundering cry they rushed to the attack. It was a hot, fierce onset, with guns and staves, and all the implements of war, and then they commenced escalading the ramparts. The little band fought well and desperately, but what could they do against such fearful odds.

One after another they dropped away from the side of their Colonel, until hope was folly, and valor madness, and then he surrendered at discretion. History tells the rest. The men were all murdered; women and children burned; the country was devastated, crops destroyed, granaries and dwellings reduced to ashes, and that beautiful valley, which a few weeks before was a miniature of paradise, became but one wide scene of desolation.

Through all that night of gloom and day of horrors, Mary Ryerson sat on a low pallet, beside her babe and Margaret, hardly caring for her own safety since the fate of her beloved one was unknown. But when the heavy bolts were at last unbarred, the doors swung open, and the greedy enemy rushed in, she was startled by the cry of her servant, and the terrified wail of the babe. Springing from her seat, she caught up the little one, hugged it to her bosom, and started for the door. Pressed down on all sides she fell. A coarse tory bent his loathsome glance upon her face, saying, "fear nothing, I will save you; will you love me if I will, pretty one?"

As he stooped to lift her, a tall Indian pushed him aside, and caught her up in his arms, saying, "hold baby tight."

Close upon their tracks followed a squaw, leading Margaret by the hand; none opposed them, none questioned.

Sometimes said the Indians gravely, as they passed, "she is yours, Eagle-Eye?"

"She is mine," was the laconic answer.

"Whither away with the white squaw, my fine fellow?" said John Butler, as he bounded past him, "put her in a place of safety, and come back: the frolic is not over."

"Take it," said Eagle-Eye putting the baby into the arms of Margaret, the mother resigning it without opposition, and looking up with a strange bewildered air. Oh the traces of that day's butchery. Here a hat, there a shoe, here a torn garment, there the red, red hair. Mercy veil the sight.

Close under the shelving bank of the river lay a light canoe; Eagle-Eye loosened it and sprang in with his charge, the women following. The barque shot away like an arrow down the stream. The sun was low; a cooler breeze swept with lazy wing over the water, and often, as they paddled away, Blue Bird, the squaw, dipped up a handful of drops and sprinkled them in Mary's face. Baby laughed to see the bright showers as they fell; and even his mother returned his salutations with a mournful smile.

Eagle-Eye turned the canoe, and shot under the bank; they disembarked in silence, and walked on, crossing a narrow strip of land between the mountain and river, and at the foot of the hill they all sat down to rest.

The Indian put down his burden a few moments, straightened up his tall figure, snuffed the wind as if renewing his strength, he said 'come,' as he shouldered poor Mary again. He took a circuitous path over the mountains, stealing along through underbrush and rocks which seemed too close to allow a passage.

Only once he crept to the top of a rock, and looked mournfully back towards Wyoming. The red flames of the burning fields and dwellings were curling upwards—the smoke lay in one dark moving mass along the horizon—the river was one long line of flame. He groaned, set his teeth firmly together, drew his hand across his eyes, and said in his heart, "Can they be Christians? Lo, how they deceive each other—curse their hypocrisy."

Through that terrible massacre, he had shed no blood—laid rude hands on none. Burning with shame for his tribe, who had thus been decoyed into treachery, he had met them at the "council fire," remonstrating against their intended cruelty. They could not appreciate his nobleness of character, yet no man called him "coward," he the brave of the past, the hero of many battles. He went and returned at pleasure unquestioned; knowing the secrets of their councils, bound by an Indian's sense of honor, not to betray his people.

The heavy dew drops fell from the leaves as they parted them in their way, the shadows lay heavy upon the rocks.

Eagle-Eye slackened his pace, descending cautiously into a hollow, covered with underbrush and weeds. He stooped as he proceeded, they following wonderingly. Presently their feet patted upon the naked rock, while far in advance, they saw a single gleaming light. Sometimes they lost sight of it—again it twinkled directly before them like a star.

After proceeding, what seemed to some of them, a long journey underground, they emerged into an open room; the wall sufficiently high for them to stand upright; that, and the sides also of solid rock. There was *that star*, (the candle,) and there bound hand and foot, was George Ryerson, secured by a rope to a heavy rock, yet so fettered as to feel no other inconvenience than that of detention. Beside him sat an Indian boy and girl; bread, cold meat, and fruits were on a rude table beside him.

In a corner lay a buffalo robe and blanket, upon which Eagle-Eye bestowed his burden; then unbound the prisoner, who folded his wife and child to his bosom, returning thanks to Heaven.

After the massacre was decided upon, Eagle Eye pondered in his heart how he might save his friends. He must not turn informer, and come to despise himself, and be looked upon as a woman by his race; perhaps he and his family fall victims to the cruel tories. He knew too that, if he informed him, Mr. Ryerson would never desert that settlement, (even he would have hated him under such circumstances,) how could he save both him and his own self-respect; his honor, as understood by the white man's code? He decoyed him away from home on the morning of the fatal struggle, there seized him, by and with his superior strength, bound him hand and foot, and carried him into the cave.

"Me no hurt you—me save your wife and baby—great war—much blood—be still." Then putting a gun into his son's hands he said, "if he makes a noise, shoot him," and to his daughter "cook his dinner—feed him."

Poor George Ryerson, fear curdled the very blood in his veins, his knees shook, his brain reeled, as he thought of the loved ones at home, but he had perfect confidence in the integrity of the being before him; he knew the uselessness of remonstrance, and only said as the door of the cave was darkened by his retreating form, "remember." He was answered, "Eagle Eye is not a dog that he should lie."

Descending the mountain, he was met by a party of John Butler's men, who seemed inclined to watch him, and he turned another way.

"He is not false," they said, "he is hunting in the mountain." When he descended into the valley the human blood hounds were already on their relentless track, too busy to notice him as before. He hurried to the house of his friend to find it already deserted. He walked on towards the fort, his eye scanning narrowly every human face. When he came within reach of its guns he said, "they are safe, it is well," and taking another path, than that which he came, he returned to his home in the mountain. He spoke a few words to Blue Bird, in their own language, the meaning of which was, "When the battle is hottest to-morrow, be there in the rear with the squaws; when I whistle, come like a fawn to my side; who shall touch the wife of Eagle Eye?"

There in that lone mountain cave, dwelt George Ryerson and his family until all was safe; cared and provided for by the Indian and his family. When he said, "it is time," they went forth into the world again, to weep over the cruelty of Christian men, and the desolation of the loveliest valley whose green pastures ever slept beneath the sun.

There, near the blackened ashes of their former dwelling, they reared another cottage, fenced their broad fields anew, and by industry, frugality and patience, gathered slowly around them all the comforts and luxuries which men truly need below.

Seasons came and went; the rain and sunshine bleached out from that valley's face the crimson records of the past; and time, which mellows all things, mingled with the waters of memory the sweet lethe of forgetfulness, George and Mary Ryerson were happy in love, security and liberty. America is free.

On a sweet spring morning the door of their home was darkened by the entrance of Eagle-Eye, his wife and children. A few white hairs had blended with the raven locks of the parents; which told they had suffered, for they were still in the full vigor of life; and the children were tall and comely, the youth apparently seventeen the maiden two years younger.

"Sit down, my friends, and let us talk together."

"We may not sit down in your cabin for the sun walks on; our journey is long and weary; we are come to say farewell. We are sick with the foolishness of our tribe; the Great Spirit has turned away his face. They shed the blood of the pale-faces, who never hurt *them*, and the great White Father, Washington, has sent men to waste their corn, burn their wigwams and drive them away like chaff when the wind is high; they are sick, and their medicine men are women; their braves faint ere the sun is low. We go to the hunting grounds of the West, to build us a cabin by the spring, and dwell there with our children forever."

He turned away to hide the emotion which swelled his great hart almost to bursting, each pressed the hands of their white friends in silence and all turned mournfully away.

"God bless you, our preserver, and the best of brothers," said George seizing his hand and shutting it upon a purse of gold; but he dared not look him in the face, for his own heart was full—and Eagle-Eye gazed on them no more.

Mary leaned her head upon her husband's breast, and wept long and bitterly, for memory was busy with the past.

Miscellaneous.

WE STOOD BESIDE THE WINDOW.

BY MISS FRANCES CROSBY.

We stood beside the window;
It was the very same,
Where, years ago, together,
We wrote each other's name.
I listened for the dear words
I us'd to hear from thee;
I listened, but there came not
One loving word for me!

I look'd into the blue depths
Of those beloved eyes;
I long'd to see them glisten,
With thoughts of other ties.
I look'd, but, oh! they spoke not
The tenderness of old!
I thought my very heart-strings
Would break, they were so cold!

My hand, I laid it gently—
How gently! so to thine;
I thought its pulse beat quicker;
I thought it answer'd mine!
But no! there was no pressure—
My dream of bliss was o'er;
I knew the spell was broken—
That I was lov'd no more!

General Harney.

A Kansas correspondent of the New York Tribune, makes the following notice of Gen. H., now in Kansas, *en route* for Utah:

"In personal appearance, Gen. Harney is impressive. He is considerably over six feet tall, and is large-boned and muscular. His hair was red, but is now thickly mixed with white. He wears it short, and begins to be bald on the crown of his head. His moustache and beard are nearly white, and are also thick and chipped short. His eyes are blue and dull; for he uses spectacles. In younger years, he must have been a model of physical vigor and strength, but he now looks older than he really is, for his age, I believe, does not exceed fifty-five. While at St. Louis, I heard an anecdote illustrative of his character, which I have never seen in print. Being in New York many years ago, he passed a store in one of the principal streets in which an auctioneer was soliciting bids for an engraving of Gen. Jackson. Both the sellers and the crowd were no political friends of the subject of the picture, and were ridiculing it in every possible manner. "How much am I offered for the Hero of New Orleans?" cried the man on the stand. "Only half a cent? Why, he's worth a cent, surely, after robbing the Bank. Make it a cent, won't you, gentlemen? Now, then, how much am I offered?" "One hundred dollars," said a voice very emphatically, as Col. Harney entered the door; "one hundred dollars," he repeated, making his way through the crowd, half a head taller than any other man in the room.—The auctioneer, naturally astonished, inquired if the gentleman was in earnest, and started again on his witticisms. "Sir, I am in earnest, and I claim my bid," interrupted the Colonel, "and if no one bids more, I claim the picture." No one bidding more, he handed the auctioneer the money and his address. "And now, Sir," he remarked, seiving him by the collar, and dragging him to the floor, "I claim the privilege of applying the bastinado to your body for your damnable impertinence." And having caned him to his satisfaction, no one in the crowd venturing to interfere, he strode out of the store and continued his walk down the street. Analyze the quality of character necessary to a man to be the actor in such a scene, and I think you will discover the traits which military men consider to fit Gen. Harney eminently as the leader of this Utah expedition.

A Pioneer and Mighty Hunter.

There recently died at Snowshoe, Centre county, Pennsylvania, a pioneer of that section of country, named Samuel Askey, aged 81. He was born in Northumberland county, served under Gen. Harrison, and after the war visited the wilds of the Snowshoe country. The Democrat says:

"He settled about one mile from the little or Black Moshannon and 17 miles from the Bald Eagle Valley, the then nearest settlement. He was one of the two first settlers that followed in the trail of the Indians, they having left but a short time previous, leaving their hunting grounds to be occupied by white men.—The life of Mr. Askey, as a pioneer and hunter, would compare with that of Daniel Boone or Col. Crockett. Many of the most thrilling adventures with and hair-breadth escapes from the wild denizens of the forest, have been heard from the lips of the deceased, by the writer. He carried with him to the grave scars, the result of wounds received in several contacts with panthers, in which his life depended on his own presence of mind, and the faithfulness of his own dog. Much of his time was spent in hunting, which proved to be the most lucrative business in which he could engage in his new home. He killed during the time he lived in Snowshoe 60 panthers, 96 wolves, (to this the records of the Centre country will bear testimony,) about 500 deer, and a large number of bears, the precise number could not be obtained, but in a statement given by himself to the writer, he sold in one season 2700 weight of bear's meat.

Land Offices in the West, Entries, &c.

For the benefit of our readers we subjoin a list of land offices in the West—according to the recent changes made by the department in Washington:

Illinois.—Springfield.

Indiana.—Vincennes, Indianopolis.

Wisconsin.—Mineral Point, Menasha, Hudson, Stevens, Point, La Crosse, Superior, and Chippewa at Eau Claire.

Iowa.—Dubuque, Chariton, Fort Desmoines, Council Bluffs, Decorah, Fort Dodge, Sioux City.

Missouri.—St. Louis, Boonville, Palmyra, Jackson, Warsaw, Springfield, Plattsburg, Milan.

Michigan.—Detroit, East Saginaw, Marquette, Iona.

Minnesota Territory.—Stillwater, Sauk Rapids, Henderson, Minneapolis, Chatfield, Faribault.

Kansas Territory.—Doniphan, for the Delaware District; Fort Scott, for the Osage District; Ogden, for the Western District; and Lecompton, for the Pawnee District.

Nebraska Territory.—Brownsville, for the Nemaha District; Nebraska City, for the South Platte District; Dacotah City, for the Dacotah District; and Omaha City, for the Omaha District.

Oregon Territory.—Oregon City, Winchester.

Washington Territory —Olympia.

In Iowa there is scarcely any land for private entry at present. In the Osage, Fort Dodge and Sioux City Districts, with the exception of some poor lands, there is scarcely an acre left. In the Fort Dodge District, a large quantity of poor land has been entered.

In Wisconsin the lands were withdrawn from market for the purpose of allowing the railways to take their grants, and they have not yet been returned.

In Minnesota Territory the lands are nearly all withdrawn from market on account of the railroad grants. In the Stillwater and Sauk Rapids Districts, however, there are a few scattering forty acre tracts left.

In Kansas and Nebraska the lands are not in market. They are, however, subject to preemption.

During the past four months the entries of land have been mostly confined to the State of Missouri. In the Springfield land office there has been entered within the last three months more land than during any previous period of three years. The latest accounts from this office are that the entries were still going on at the rate of 6,000 acres per day. During the months of May and June, in the Warsaw Land District there were 600,000 acres entered. At the end of last month the office had to be closed to allow time to have the books written up and returns made to the Department. It will be opened again by the 1st of September. The office at Fayette was closed about the 1st of July, to be removed to Boonville and re-opened there by the 1st of August. In this district there is a large quantity of land to enter, but much of it is of a poor quality.

WHY DO NOT NEGROES MAKE THEIR HOMES AMONG THE ABOLITIONISTS?—The following extract, which we take from an article in the Cincinnati Enquirer, contains an idea worth looking after:

"There is a remarkable and very suggestive fact in regard to the negro emigration into this State. It is this: Of the twenty-five thousand free negroes in the State, the vast majority reside in counties where there are very few Abolitionists, and which have been chiefly settled by emigrants from the Southern States. These negroes appear to have a great dread of the Abolition counties; they give them a wide berth. Thus, for example, Ashtabula has a negro population of forty-three, Geauga seven, Trumbull sixty-five. The other counties on the lake have a proportionate number of negroes. These counties are settled almost exclusively by New England emigrants. On the other hand, Ross county, a Virginia settlement, has one thousand nine hundred and six negroes; Gallia has one thousand one hundred and ninety-eight, and Hamilton county has over four thousand.

In these counties the negro is regarded as inferior, socially and politically, and the Abolitionists have but a slight hold. What is the cause of this striking discrepancy? Is it that the negro feels and knows his inferiority, and naturally attaches himself to the population which is disposed to regard him as an inferior? or is it that the whites in the lake shore counties are Abolitionists from an ignorance of the real character of the negro? Certainly there is no better mode of curing a neighborhood of Abolitionism than by inflicting on them a colony of free negroes. The only way in which Giddings can be defeated will be by a few more such philanthropic efforts as those of Col. Mendenhall, in settling a few hundred North Carolina or Kentucky negroes in Ashtabula. If our Southern friends will send us their surplus negro population, let them provide that they may be located among their kind and generous friends in the Western Reserve. Such earnest philanthropy as they profess ought not to be "wasted on the desert."

RECIPE—CERTAIN TO CURE THE DISEASE OF DISUNION.—Take a trip to England, imbibe freely of ignorant abuse of your country, mixed with considerable ridicule of American books, American manners, and American institutions. Add to this a decoction made up of British predictions that the United States are going headlong to perdition. If these do not operate, take a mixed dose of experience in the lanes and alleys of London poverty and crime. If you are still a sufferer, inhale the breeze of Italy, so redolent of maccaroni and beggars, and we will wager a pair of trowsers for Mr. Greeley, and a new head piece for the Charleston Mercury, that you will advertise for an American flag with all the stars upon it, in every newspaper you can lay your hands on, and after you get it, take locomotive for the nearest port, and hasty home to your good old mother country, as fast as the iron legs and fiery steam of the Collins line can take you.—*Phila. Press.*